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THE
SPEECH

(Without an OATH)

OF

PHILIP HERBERT,

LATE

Earl of Pembroke,

At his Admittance (as a Member)
Into the Honorable House of Commons
in Parliament Assembled, April the 6th, 1649.

After he had been duely elected a Burgess for *Bark-shire*,
instead of Sir FRANCIS PILE, lately deceased.

Taken Verbatim by Michael Oldisworth.

Printed in the year 1649.

*Many worthy Members coming out of the House, received his Honour
in with all respect, as a Member Elected by the County of Barkshire
and instead of Sir Francis Pile Deceased; where being no sooner
Entred, but he speak as followeth.*

GENTLEMEN,

FOr so I can but now rightly call you all, though I know there be amongst
you many worthy Lords, Knights and Burgeses; yet since all Domini-
on and Lordship is cryed down by the People, I think it my duty to
lay down the Vainity of my Titles at the feet of this Supream Authority;
and Sink me, I hold it the best Policy so to do, and the best honesty too; Lords, Earls,
Kings, Dukes, are all but Markes of the Gentiles, and cannot be proper to us Chri-
stians, that should have wit enough to Rule our selves, and not exercise Lord-
ship over our Brethren. *He that would be Chief among you, let him be your Ser-
vant.* Dam me, I have been your Servant, and will be your Servant till death.
I am an Elect Member of this House, and no Ruler, neither have I any desire to
Rule, for a Ruler should have his Rule. Zblood, do you make a Carpenter, or a
Coxcomb on me, that ye think I be a Ruler? Sink me, I grow Old, it is e-
nough

nough for me to Rule my Horſe, and not to Assume a Power to Rule others: for ruling Lords in an over-ruling ſence, is a thing that ſtands neither with Reaſon, Law, Juſtice, nor Chriſtianity. Dam me, I think I am Lawfully Eleſted, and have as good Qualities as another, and therefore may claim, have, and make uſe of a Priviledge of Parliament, either in relation to my Perſon, Quality, or Eſtate. Sin me and dam me, if I exerce Lordſhip over a Worm. Judge me as you pleaſe. I am proud of Philip Herbert, for Burgeſs of Barkſhire, as I am of Earl of Pembroke: and my reaſon (Mr. Speaker) is this, I was Philip Herbert, before I was Earl of Pembroke; and now I am Burgeſs for Barkſhire; and if I bark not, and bawl not, (if I ſee occaſion) as well as the beſt of you all, then let the County that choſe me their Miniſter and Servant, complain of me, or turn me out, and chuſe another. No, Sink me, the Country ought not to be at the Charge of keeping Dogs and bark themſelves; or feed their Dogs ſo high and luſty, that like *Alceon's*, they devour their Maſter. Pardon me (Mr. Speaker) I hope you do not conceive that I call the Parliament Dogs; I ſpeak concerning their Vigilancy to preſerve their Maſter's Eſtates; and in that point, I may (in my blunt Language) liken them to Dogs; but *every like is not the ſame*. Mr. Speaker, Conceive me aright, I would have you not to be Dogs, but as Dogs; that is, as I conceive, not to be dumb Dogs; I ſhall ever hate a dumb Dog. But, Sir, I know you are no dumb Dog, becauſe you are *Speaker*.

Gentlemen,

I am now received in, and made a Member of this Honourable Houſe of Commons; though it be a thing ſtrange, and not common in England, for an Earl (as not long ſince I held my ſelf to be) and a Member of the Lords Houſe, to be made a Commoner, or removed from the Upper end, to the Lower end of the Table. I am not ſo void of Underſtanding, or Common Senſe, as not to think my ſelf highly honoured therewith. I am no reſpecter of Perſons or Places. Sir, I know how to humble my ſelf, and do acknowledge it my duty, not only to lay down my Titles and Dignities; but my Life and Honours for the good of the Common-wealth. Dam me, 'tis not my Wealth that I prize above the Common-wealth, though I love both, and would do my utmoſt to preſerve both, which I take to be the chief cauſe of the Peoples chuſing me to be their Representative. 'Tis true, I was formerly choſen Chancellor of Oxford; not only by this Honourable Houſe, but the Houſe of Lords then being; but conſidering my weak Abilities in Divinity, being (I thank God) little troubled with the ſame, nor guilty of any more confuſed or confounding Languages, than my own Mother-Tongue; and for Arts and Sciences, they never ſhall trouble my head, I hold it my beſt Art and Science, to preſerve my Self and my Eſtate, and get more, if I can. Dam me, he that cares not for his Wealth, can never care for the Common-wealth: for how can he that will not do good for himſelf, do good for others? *Charity ought to begin at home.*

Mr. Speaker!

Truly, Gentlemen, I know not what Errors are lately crept into that Univerſity; but at my laſt Viſitation, I think, I plagued them, ſo much, that I ſpared none, right or wrong. Dam me, I think the Univerſity was never better weeded ſince it was an Univerſity. I pulled up all the Poppiſh Poppies, the Malignant May-weed, the Thistles and Hemlock that choaked the Wheat. Dam me, they had nigh choaked me with Fuming and Swearing at them. A Pox of their Reaſons, they were Logick to me, for I could underſtand not one of them; and if I could, I would not. I had no ſuch Order in my Inſtructions; I acted as vigorously as God would give me leave, I ſpared ne'er a Son of Borne among them all. Dam me, not my own Godſon, Zblood, if my Father had been there

there a Scholar, and Popishly affected, (as I was told they were) he should have turn'd out with the rest. Mr. Speaker, I hate a Turn-coat, and a Black-coat too; I love a Buff-coat, or Mrs. May's Petty-coat, better than Popish-Canonical Coats. Dam me, If ye were all of my minde (Gentlemen) you would pull down the Universities; they are but the Nurseries of Learning and Superstition: Dam me, Learning and Superstition hath occasioned all these Wars and Bloud: Refuse me, I had rather be a Sculler than a Scholar; these Arts and Sciences (as they call them) are dangerous Enemities to the State, and steal and draw away the Hearts and Affections of the People from Martial affairs; and therefore (in my simple judgment) it would redound much to the strengthening of the State, to change the property of them, and instead of making them Nurseries of Learning, to make them Fencing-Schools, or Nurseries of War. Dam me, This Kingdom hath more need of Warring than Learning; for all Christendom threatens us: therefore (Mr. Speaker) let us not be always Fools. Z'blood, I have so much Wit in my Blockhead, that if I see a Storm coming, I can provide for shelter; the very Hogs teach me that. Gentlemen, I hate humane Learning; Dam me, I can learn as good a Lesson from a Hog, a Horse, a Dog, or a Cat, as from the best Divine in England. Pox! Am I not a Lay-man? And can I lay out my time in any thing better than Lay-learning? Besides, I am a Statesman; I know nothing to the contrary, but that I may state my Question then, That as I am no Divine, so that I may not meddle any more with Divinity: I am no Ruler, and therefore if they cannot learn the Wit to rule themselves, let them be unrul'd; for I have done my part with them. Gentlemen, I hold the Chancellorship a fitter place for my man *Oldsworth*, or *Mr. Peters*, than for my self; and therefore if your Wisdoms think fit, I desire to be discharged therefrom, because the Self-denying Ordinance forbids (as I take it) to hold two Places in the Commonwealth; therefore I desire to leave the one, to the intent that I may minde and apply my self the better to the other. Dam me, I cannot serve two Masters, the Church and the State too, God and the Parliament: If it please this Honourable House (I conceive) one Office is enough for one man; therefore I shall betake my self onely to do my business in this House, that the County that chose me may be the better for it. Gentlemen, need not be ashamed to do my business in this House; and was never backward ye know in any good Office, and would strain my self as much for the good of the State, as Alderman *Atkins*, or any Member of you all; and shall intrust my Purse-strings too, upon any just and honest occasion. Gentlemen, as I have always lov'd you dearly, so I hope you will love me again; for my great Affection to you, should draw your great Affection to me: And indeed we are Brethren, and Brethren ought to love and agree with one another. Dam me, the very Devils can agree with one another, and cannot we? Z'blood, are we worse than Devils? Our Grand Enemy (the King) is now cut off, and must we needs be Enemies to one another, and cut off one another too? Believe me, *Lilburne* deserves to be hang'd, and *Overton* to be turn'd over the Ladder, and *Prince* the Cheesemonger to be serv'd in the same kinde as the Prince of *Wales*, that they dare be so impudent bold, as to tax the Parliament, or the Council of State, with Injustice or Tyranny. Dam me, 'tis at least Treason and Nonsense but to think so: and, Sink me, 'tis a thousand times worse to say so, or to write so, and shew the People Reason for it too. A Pox of all Reasons and Reasonings for me, I never lov'd it in all my life. 'Zounds, Break a mans Head, and give him a Reason for it; as the *Scot* serv'd me, when he switch'd me over the Face, broke my Head with my own Staff of Office, and then gave me a Reason for it; and that was all the Satisfaction I could have for that Affront. Dam me, I hate a *Scot* as I hate a Reason; and hate a Reason, as I hate the Devil: Reasoning is neither better nor worse than Treating, and we all know Treating is a Malignant, and an Enemy to the State. And if the Treaty had taken effect, Z'blood, we might all have been Hang'd and Damn'd before this. No, Reason is dangerous in a State; neither is the State bound to render any Reason to *Lilburne*, *Overton*, or any body else, for their Actions, or whatever they do. Had it not been for Reasoning, we had settled the Supream

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Authority on the People long ago and then we had had Peace, and a settled State. How simple is it to think, that a Parliament is unjust, or can erre? That's a likely matter indeed! No, Parliaments are chosen by the People, because they cannot erre: Kings may erre; as *David*, and the late King did: But when did you ever read in the Bible, that a Parliament could erre, or had erre? And thus, I hope, I have given you Satisfaction in this Point.

For this your Act of Leavying Money, I give you my free consent. Pray what can be done without Money? Dam me, Souldiers that fight for Money, must have Money; and though I am no Souldier my self, yet Dam me, I love a Souldier with all my heart; and he that fights for Money, let him win Money; and (Sink me) if he wins it, let him wear it too. Z'blood, where should we have Money for Souldiers, but of the Countries and Cities whom they fight to preserve; unless they would have us pay them out of our own Estates? But surely there is none in this Honourable House, but has more frugality, or at least more wit, than to part with any of their own Estates; do we not labour and spend our time for the good of the Common-wealth, and shall the Common-wealth deny to spend their Money for us? Z'blood, time is precious, (Mr. Speaker) and, God refuse me, we have spent a long time in their service (at least eight years) and cannot so much as have a good word for our pains. Ram me, Sink me and Dam me; it were a good deed to give over, and leave them to themselves, and then we should have a Kingdome well Govern'd. Dam me, I am out of breath, and therefore will conclude my Speech.

Your Affectionate Servant

Vera Copia.

Pembroke and Montgomery.

FINIS.